

Shakespearian Capers at the PROM

Scene I - Redpath Library, 11.30 p.m. Falstaff is reading aloud the latest episode in the life of Major Hoople from a paper left behind by a studious Junior. Hamlet and Romeo remain lost in thought, musing over what might have been.

Falstaff. (contemptuously). - This Hoople is a white-livered rascal. - Enter Bill Gentlemen walking in his sleep. Hamlet rushes to his side thinking it is his father's ghost.

R.G. (ignoring the three). I am the Art's Building spirit. Three tickets have 1, as yet to be sold. Will buy, will buy, will buy, (waves aloft three Prom tickets) - Sound of well known whistle within. Somnambulist starts, and dropping from tickets rushes off stage, in the direction of the peremptory note. Romeo picks up the tickets, scans one of them, then feverishly pulls a well-worn book of emergency telephone numbers from his doublet and studies its contents.

Romeo. (pacing the stage impatiently). - A skirt, a skirt, my kingdom for a skirt. Each floose here would rob me of my shirt. (doublets book for future use).

Falstaff. - This is the chatter of a beardless Soph. Women are poison, as you ought to know. Sack is our cue, and it flows at the "Pic". And you can always cut in, if you must.

Hamlet. - And yet methinks our dress must give us pause. For the apparel oft disclaims the man.

Falstaff. - "Zblood!" Bacchus this night will dull the eye. And revelry cares not a fig for tails. Away, gay minions of the moon; to the Prom. Exit: Falstaff singing. Bacchus, monarch of the wine. Cup us, till the "Pic" run dry. Cup us, till the "Pic" run dry.

Scene II - Ball Room, Mt. Royal Hotel. Falstaff, Hamlet, and Romeo survey the host of "swingers", without attracting much attention. Falstaff deftly pilfers flask from hip-pocket of maudlin Junior.

Falstaff. (re-cocking flask, contents of which he has considerably diminished). Now is my precept come to full renown. For which in all this tizzy, merry throng But grants me learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sin sets it free.

Hamlet. (thinking of St. A.M. no doubt). - What a piece of work is a man. So apt to thread the primrose path of dalliance. Romeo. (creakily amused). - Here will Juliet's dove-feathered raven fly to town. Cherry lips, and Debs galore. - (observing catch-as-catch-can courtship on all sides). But college girls require a new technique. - Falstaff induces Romeo to drain his flask. Romeo becomes playfully belligerent, and (fascinated by Maestro Lang's baton) approaches the Band with a truculent air.

Romeo. (to dervish with the baton). - Wherefore dost thou slash the air with malice. Stand to; and ply with me your puny wand. - Romeo draws and chases L.L. around at the point of his sword; crowd applaud what they suppose to be part of floor-show. Romeo is finally placated with the aid of L.L.'s winsome torch-singer. They spar in under-tones.

Falstaff. (to mixed group of new-fledged admirers). Your Junior Prom I'm ready to avow. Approximates a Mermaid Tavern brawl. But something lacks to tie a Plumber's Ball.

Shouts of disapproval excite profane exclamations from Falstaff. Sits down (chained). Hamlet stands apart watching Romeo, who is effectively reducing torch-singer to state of submissive palpitation.

Romeo. (accusingly). - O, Rosaline, where have you been, while I lay confined in prison, kept without food, whipp'd and tormented in the Redpath Lab.

L.S. (in tone of anguish, then with rhythmic abandon). - O cruel incarceration; but lay not the blame at my cunningly tintur'd toes, for alas, alas,

Prize Entry

The five dollar prize for the best piece submitted for publication in this Christmas Issue is awarded to James M. Mills for his clever "Shakespearian Capers at the Prom."

THE MANAGING BOARD.

Hi-d-hi, how'm I doin'. I am Hippolyta 'Hyps' Peasblossom. (hips wax eloquent) - Hips and Romeo now dance. A mixture of Viceroy tango, Continental apache and Auditorium swing.

Exit Falstaff.

Hamlet. (assuming antic disposition, addresses deserted co-ed). - To a nursery room or marry a fool.

Co-ed. (loquaciously piqued). - Woe is me.

Here I stand in deserted dulcitude. Array'd like Cleopatra's perfumed barge. And you prate to me of bondage and seclusion.

Hamlet. (aside). Ophelia, your Hamlet is sinking fast. There is a tide in the affairs of men. Which, taken at the Prom, leads on to... Opening cymbal of hot number breaks into his reverie.

Hamlet. (to Cleopatra's barge). Presently let us flee this mortal din. Perchance you fondly crave a tete-a-tete.

The co-ed takes his arm and as if to leave. But suddenly an ill-aimed missile strikes Hamlet in the mouth. He looks around angrily for the culprit and is greeted with sympathetic looks of congenial innocence. Heis up offensive object and examines it.

Hamlet. (incredulously). O my prophetic soul! It is a bun. How easy is a vacant mind amused. Unidentified Junior armed with a bun in each hand, reels up to Hamlet, and seeing the bun in his hand, jumps to conclusions.

Unid. Jun. (defiantly). So you're the mug what hit me in the ear.

Hamlet. Behold in exquisite combination, A lying tongue and a bunny complex. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be dish'd. (Hamlet draws and runs Junior through the buttocks). - Junior is "hors de combat" but several fraternity brothers rush Hamlet to avenge their fallen comrade. Romeo enters the fray, but the odds are too great, and our two adventurers beat a hasty retreat.

Exit Hamlet and Romeo pursued.

Scene III - Redpath Library, 3 A.M. Falstaff, Hamlet and Romeo seated around table in various attitudes of dejection, as in the opening scene. But now they are three.

Falstaff. If ever I see the like of this night's employment, may I dissolve in sweat. This Piccadilly Club is a most ingenious device; in it a young girl of quality may quuzzle tepid liquids, and hob-nob with tipsy hair-heads, which in a tavern would be risque. And yet the only difference between the "Pic" and a common tavern, is that the one raters to the Devil's darlings and the other to Satan's dross. A nice distinction; but the same amber life-blood courses through their veins. They are as like as two horns on the same goat.

Hamlet. Make from the shaft, Sir John, our time is short.

Falstaff. (visibly perplexed). - In good sooth, although youth is ever jealous to conceal the root of its distemper, grey hairs will bubble. Forget your several woes and list to a tale whose lightest word must harrow up the soul of manhood. I declare my bibulous capacity was at its lowest ebb, when a scurvy knave - the "Pic" is alive with such - reproaches me with "the Peel Tavern is for your sort"; and "you are in the company of ladies"; and then from a princely puppet, a waiter mark you, the very same who clasped me to his palm upon my entry, "How ill grey hairs become a fool and a jester". In a trice I was on my feet despite my corpulence; "A pox on your cutpurse insolence. The grave gapes for your super-serviceable carcass". A small group of "Pickers" gathered around us as the stage seemed set for a kill. Discretion might have tempered my valour, as my precious waiter had rallied to his side a dozen of his bulky likeness, but not some pepper-corn younger yelled out - "A new top-hat Major Hoople routs the waiters. To arms, Hamlet. To arms!". In a few words, as no man but rejoiced in my plight I was worsted, and you see me now, a broken man. This comes of women and sack. Wherefore should women kneel at the Piccadilly Pount, seeking to tap it at its source, and yet pour contempt on those who venture further in. 'Tis a Gordian paradox. A plague on all "Pics" - and let men look to their flowing cups lest women usurp their beads.

Romeo. Check.

Hamlet. Check.

Falstaff. Double check. (exclaim, severally). - 'Would I were with them where'er they be, in heaven or in hell'.

Jas. M. MILLS.

CONFESSIONS OF A CANADIAN COUGH-DROP EATER (With Suitable Apologies to De Quincey and Keats)

Much have I snivelled in the rheums of cold, And many hacking coughs and sniffs endur'd, Which by these patent poisons can be cured, For they but closer take their griping hold. Oft of a splendid cure-all I'd been told (The brothers Smith's this philtre have conjur'd) And though to lying adverts I'm insured, To try this panacea I made bold. Then felt I like some desiccated twerp When first he drains a cool and soothing Stein; Or come sweet singing crew whose tender chirp Comes floating up like fluff of dandelion At early dawn; or he who lets a burp And knows that sweet relief - too TOO divine!

DAMON and CURZON.

McGill Daily

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1936

PRICE TWO CENTS

The McGill Daily Wishes All Its Readers, Advertisers And Co-Workers A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Wax Your Skis, Snow And Christmas Coming

Biggest news of the season is the fact that the Dartmouth boys will be guests of McGill skiers for the holidays. A team of ten or twelve is expected to arrive on the twenty-seventh of December at St. Sauveur, where they will train and practice with the McGill skiers. Possibly this is a fine chance for our lads to learn some skiing.

Big rush of the season is arranging for use of the new cabin. With weather conditions over the week end getting in the way of trials, the executive has had a tough time trying to seed the applicants. Just when all seemed to be straightened out, news of the Dartmouth advent threw plans into confusion. Finally, however, it has been arranged to take care of everyone possible, though there might be a rather terrific crowding on New Year's Eve, when all the Red Birds will be clamoring for their bunks. The most practical suggestion so far is for an all night party, no sleeping space then being needed. The following have been chosen to use the cabin during the holidays: Before Xmas: Robinson, Wachsmuth, Findlay, Boyard, G. Townsend, Cochran, Wilson, Mammen, Bishop, and Gilday.

After Xmas: Stanforth, Robinson, Findlay, Boyard, Mammen, Bishop, Wilson, Drummond and Bourne.

There are two vacant places before Xmas. Apply today at Athletic Office. Occupiers of the cabin will find that it is most definitely a case of roughing it. Space for sleeping is available, and possibly enough for eating - in shifts. Blankets, and money for food, are the only requisites. Good cooks are especially welcome.

McGill skiers will find the new Ski Annual, now on sale at the Athletic office, of particular interest. One of the featured articles is an explanation of the "Tempo Turn" by head coach Dr. Bill Ball. Also featured are the results of the Winter Olympics. Gracing one page we were surprised to see a fine action picture of Red Bird, (former team captain), Jack Houghton, in full cry.

Anyone intending to compete this season will find making entry much easier if he already has a zone card. They must be obtained before competing in any case, so drop in at the Athletic office this week. Membership badges are still on sale, and all I.O.U.'s are payable at the Athletic Office.

Last minute news from House Committee Jim Houghton is the fact that users of the cabin will have to bring their own cups, plates, knives, and forks, and spoons - or cups, plates, and knives. Cooking utensils only will be provided; it would be a fine idea, we bet, if members would bring dishes to leave there. Rumor has been rife that Jim is buying his trousseau, but it appears that all these pots, pans, and kettles are equipment for the club house.

Shawbridge: Temperature 32 above; total depth snow, 11"; snow condition, crusty; weather, cloudy.

St. Sauveur: Temperature 32 above; total depth snow, 10"; snow condition, crusty; weather, cloudy.

Morin Heights: Temperature 32 above; total depth snow 10"; snow condition, crusty; weather, cloudy.

E. C. Elliott, G. P. A.



"PAN"

A MODERN CHRISTMAS LEGEND

"... and on earth peace, goodwill toward men". Pan stared blankly into space, slowly holding his long, bony fingers again and again as if reiterating a prayer. For some time he seemed lost in thought until suddenly jumping up, he laughed with a bitter sneer. He paced up and down the bare little room, when he became aware of the patter of many feet rushing past the basement windows.

He slipped out into the street. It was bitter cold. He could hear his boots crunching over the hard-packed snow. For a moment he halted at the sound of muffled footsteps. The occasional thud of horses' hoofs on cobblestones and the distant ringing of bells over the roofs of the little town. People were hurrying past, packed with parcels and oddments. He caught occasionally a few words from a conversation and here and there someone laughed as he drifted aimlessly with the crowds through narrow streets. For a while it seemed hard to realize that it was Christmas Eve, that the chatter and merriment, that reached his ear as a distant murmur, came from men and women full of the joy and expectancy of the wonders under a blazing tree with candles. How could one forget the harrowing repetition of hardship and suffering? It passed before him as a mass of excitement, far from his world of bleak empty days.

As he approached the market place, he could see that the Christmas fair was in full swing: Long rows of stalls under glaring acetylene lamps; salesmen packed like dolls in thick furs, shouting in hoarse, grating voices, their breath pulling smoke into the frosty air; and crowds of buyers eagerly jostling about and staring naively at the marvels in front of them. A huge Christmas tree with countless lights spread its branches as if blessing the children, singing carols around it with all the sincerity that only children can show.

Carols - he could remember how once long ago he had sung them as a boy. The voice of his mother singing some beautiful old shepherd song of her childhood and his father - but he had been lost in the war somewhere in the wastes of Russia and the others had drifted to God knows where. What had come since? - an eternity that reached out through the darkness: vast, barren and immovable; a kaleidoscopic nightmare of war, revolution and struggling poverty in the coming and going of days, grey and threatening like the clouds chasing over these Northern skies. A cavalcade laden with terror and foreboding to which he vainly tried to close his mind; invasions, strikes machine-guns, barricades and hatred of man against man; hate pushed by a million hands that clenched into fists, ugly and bitter. Fists - who knew - how many or whether? He knew only hunger - a hunger that sought not Christ but grub and dole-cards.

We can believe in a babe in a manger? An ascetic on a cross, perhaps - but not a child. Life is too old to-day for children.

At this moment an old man passed by, mumbling a greeting. Pan startled, nodded and hurried on. He remembered him again: the bent old cynic, huddled in a ragged coat. His grizzled, emaciated features seemed to be still mocking at him: "There is no friend in this world but a dog and a banknote" - and then he would come out with a hysterical chuckle and an uncanny twitching of his lips. Pan shuddered somehow. He wished himself far away. But something unknown held, clutched, yet strangled him. Youth, hope, love, - all burned under the drab monotony of soup kitchen queues and waiting lists - waiting, always waiting - for what? He feared to unearth something in him; afraid of the sun - it would scorch and burn - break open a wound - a wound that would only bleed - bleed thick drops of blood slowly into the snow... It had always

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Letters To Santa Claus

Dearest Santa,

I am a fresheite at college. I am a good girl. Or at least my boy friends like to think of me that way. I do my homework every night. As a reward I want only one little thing. Tonight I am going to hang up my one unadorned stocking. I hope that when I get up tomorrow I'll find a nice big red roadster in it.

Love, M. J. A.

Answer: My what big feet you have, my dear.

Mr. Santa Claus:

In receipt of your contributions of previous years, and in view of the fact that the aforementioned contributions have been entirely satisfactory, I have herewith one further request to make. I am sixteen years old, and have come to the day when I find shaving a most annoying habit. Therefore, in order to facilitate the removal of the growth from my face, I would appreciate one of these new \$16.50 electric razors.

Yours in anticipation, Cavendish J. T. Higgenbotham III.

Answer: Dear Cavendish; You flatter yourself, sonnie.

Dear Santa,

Enclosed please find my picture. I have sent it to show you that I am not unattractive. In fact, my boy friends think I am quite good looking. I am 5' 5" in height, I weight 121 pounds with my lipstick on, and I have blond hair and blue eyes. But there is one difficulty which I cannot overcome; my boy friends are never true to me. Can you suggest someone who would be the perfect soulmate for me?

Regards, R. V. C.

Answer: Come up and see ME sometime.

Commerce Students Meet Santa Claus

Last night the Union Grill Room was filled with long rows of Commerce students. They were standing reverently in the flickering candle-light awaiting with eager expectancy the arrival of their guest of honour who had condescended to patronise the Commerce Annual Banquet. Suddenly a great roar filled the room and on a wave of cheers that famous personage Santa Claus beaming and bobbing, smiling and rolling, swept into the room to the tune of Jingle Bells. He was cheered to the echo as he made his way to the head table and took his place as Guest of Honour.

Santa fitted in well with his surroundings; a Christmas tree gleamed in one corner and coloured streamers made good the Commerce boast that it would be a "Christmas" Banquet.

The Christmas atmosphere was intensified by the singing of several carols in the latest swing style. These old time carols were followed by an equally old favourite of a different nature, "The Tavern in the Town". Santa was good enough to make a statement for the readers of the "Daily". He beamed magnificently and with the typical

(Continued on Page Three)

Erection Of Douglas Hall Rapid

Residence Will Be Roofed In Before End Of Vacation

DETAILS OF PLANS ARE OUTLINED

Applications For Reservation Of Rooms Will Be Received Shortly

RAPID progress has been made in the construction of Douglas Hall and before the Christmas vacation is over the building will be roofed in. Our cut shows the Principal with Mr. H. C. Fetherstonhaugh, the architect, and Mr. John Nolan, President of the Students' Society who, it will be remembered, turned the first sod during the present term. Further details as to the Hall are now available.

The building is being constructed on the staircase plan, as it were a series of houses each with its own entrance and on each floor a pair of sets of rooms. A set will in most cases consist of a study about 12 by 15 feet with a fireplace, and opening off it three study bedrooms which will include a desk for private study. There will also be eighteen single study bedrooms about 11 by 15 feet, and two sets consisting each of a study and four bedrooms. Throughout the hall each student will have his own separate bedroom. Every room will be fully furnished, and the furniture is being designed by the architects on lines of simplicity to suit the building. On each floor there will be ample bathing and toilet provision.

In the west wing is the dining hall, a large room 32 by 70 feet with a timbered roof, a spacious common room and a library, a games room, a music room and other accommodation for social purposes. In another wing there will be space for boxing and wrestling, a small workshop for handicrafts and a photographic darkroom.

Each staircase will have its own door into the quadrangle but there will also be a connecting subway under the whole building for use when necessary. On each staircase there will be a pantry with apparatus for boiling and a toaster available for use by students. There will be a telephone on every staircase, and each study will be wired for the installation of a private telephone at the personal cost of any who may wish to have one.

Routine and Discipline The Hall will be managed by the University, who will appoint a Warden and Assistant Warden. There will also be accommodation for a few members of the University staff.

Breakfast, luncheon and dinner will be provided under the supervision of a qualified dietitian.

It is the intention of the University to give the students the utmost freedom compatible with good order, and to reduce regulations to a minimum. The conduct of residents will be controlled

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On the Roof of Douglas Hall

The Principal, P. F. Sise (App. Sc. '07), member of the Board of Governors and Chairman of the Building Committee; H. C. Fetherstonhaugh (Arch. '09) and A. T. Galt Durnford (Arch. '22), Architects; A. S. Dawes (App. Sc. '10), contractor visit the new building with John Nolan, President of the Students' Society of McGill University.

Medical Ball

The Medical Ball will be held on the 15th of January, in the Mount Royal Hotel with the Swing Band from the Auditorium in attendance. Tickets for this function are six dollars a couple and may be obtained from Hort and from members of the Committee.

McParlfootin On Broadway

New York, Dec. 14, 1936.

Back to Normalcy.

BRIDGET McGinnis heaved a sigh of relief. This was quite apparent as she came to the end of her long confab with her crony Sadie Goldfarb. "Shure an' I'm glad it's all over," she called out across the courtyard, as she took in the last few items of the family wash. Mrs. Goldfarb, plump and motherly, leaned out of the window of her East Side villa that overlooked a beautiful vista of smelly garbage cans and some banana peels.

"So Romantic, my Mawriss should only take a lesson from it. He couldn't even give a pineapple game fa' me."

"Now that it's all been settled," added Bridget, "I kin git back to me ivry-day business." And with an air of finality, she took the last diaper from off the line.

And that is just about how everybody

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Words But No Song

By C. J.

Some people think that Xmas is a time for mirth. They are quite right, and yet it seems there is a dearth of bright new things to say about it: "Merry Christmas" is quite nice, and there be some who shout it from the housetops or tabletops or lamp-posts or wherever they happen to be when these good souls get together. On such occasions, then there are those unspeakable nuisances who spy you from far, far, afar. On some crowded street. No possible retreat. They rush upon you, knocking down women and kids etcetera. And yell some bright saying in your ear before you can think of a better. To kill them than by homicide - something like: "Happy days are here again boys - obvys well all the merriest old tike!" Occurrences like this make me want to crawl into a man-hole. And not emerge until New Year's Day when their sole desire will be for black coffee. The cynics, too, fill me with a deep nausea. am. Guys who say "Christmas hell shopping" in one breath. They hate the tinsel and the trees and black death. Is far, far preferable to them than buying gifts for ones, long-way-away ones or near ones. As for myself, I like people who merrily shake my hand and remark simply and cheerily: "I wish you joy and happiness!" Or words to that effectiveness. Without the sobstuff of pseudo-cynicism of callow youths who know much less than nothing. Hurrah! I say. For Santa Claus, bright lights, crowds, Christmas trees, the gay shy looks of young lovers, kids thrilled to death, holly, mistletoe, wreaths, good cocktails, chilled, before good food, the sound Of carols, age-old stuff we've always known, the ground soft with snow, white in the country, broken perhaps by twin tracks of some solitary skier. The thin Tinkle, jingle-bells... I don't care. If you are Mussolini or Claudette Colbert. This is my Xmas poem, and I will be damned if I don't express wishes of In short, Merry Xmas. Swell New Year, (Xmas cheer)

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Montreal, Friday, December 18, 1936
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Merry Christmas!

THIS is the last issue of the Daily for one solid month. As this copy goes down to the printer the staff of the Daily heaves a sigh of relief. Producing the nightly quota of copy is good fun for the first few months, but sometimes the funny side fades and the copy then becomes an all-dominating and maddening question.

At this season of the year it is good to forgive and to forget. We forgive the people who have called us up in the middle of the night to ask who won the hockey game—we forgive the people who have called us up at eight in the morning to find out telephone numbers—we forgive people who call us up on Sunday morning at ten with a notice for the Monday paper—we forgive the workmen next door who make fires in the back-yard at four a.m. and smoke us out—we forgive all the reporters who have made dumb remarks about neighbouring colleges (this special forgiveness lasts only until Jan. 18th) and we (the Managing Board) forgive all night Editors who have not written editorials on time (subject to regulations *supra*).

However, we ask to be forgiven for the notices we have not run—the special stories which have been thrown in the wrong basket—the columns we have torn up—the several (too enthusiastic) stories for which we have been frowned upon—and all other offenses we have not been able to specifically name.

There is only one thing left for us to do this year and that is to say "Merry Christmas" to:

The Chancellor, if he reads the Daily;
The Principal who can enjoy his breakfast for a month without any unpleasant premonitions;

The Students' Council—whom we have occasionally embarrassed;

The residents of the Union—whom we have kept awake most of some nights;

Our subscribers;

Our Readers;

Our Advertisers;

Our Critics;

Our pal 'Interim' of the 'Quartier Latin'—who won't have to read the Daily for a while and who, we hope, will be able to smile at some of his class mates next year.

And to all our friends, both graduates and undergraduates.

There is only one word of wisdom we wish to dispense—if you are going to have a good holiday have a very good holiday.

Small Games

NOW that Christmas is with us the season for small games is declared wide open. Popular through the year, they become a positive menace at Yuletide, when it becomes a duty from which there is no escape to join in with other festive spirits in Snakes and Ladders, Post-Office, Old Maid, Monopoly and other forms of merriment.

When the big problems of life tend to become too much for us it is a good thing to be able to relax the mind with some activity that will by its simplicity give vent to pent up feelings. After a period of wrestling with some intellectual problem that refuses to formulate itself for us in a tangible, attackable shape, it is refreshing to turn to something whose nature we can fully comprehend and whose conquest is a direct fifty-fifty chance.

Small games of the higher order, chess, bridge, and so on, present a challenge to the intellect which can temporarily at least absorb the mind without bringing on any emotional reverberations. They face us with a tangible situation that allows us to concentrate our powers on a definite, attainable object, the winning or losing of which is entirely between us and the other fellow. There are none of the complicating side-issues which make any problem in real life so disturbing.

Christmas brings an overflow of these small games; which is a good thing, because after a superfluity of such pleasant trivialities it will leave us ready to make a renewed attack on our system for getting the world right.

STAGE

Backstage With Sir George Arthur

IN "From Phelps to Gielgud," Sir George Arthur has traced for us the development of the drama throughout the last sixty-five years, emphasizing the role which the individual actors have played in making the theatre what it is today.

He begins his theme in acquainting us with the stretch of social depression after the Crimean War, with which the theatre sadly synchronized; there was a sudden rift in the clouds with the arrival of the Bancrofts, who 'took over' theatrical management with a definite policy in mind... to make at least of their own theatre a mirror of life. To increase and sustain the dignity of their profession was the 'mot d'ordre' of the Bancrofts, and their management unquestionably constituted a new era in the development of the English stage.

What is of particular interest to us is the manner in which the author deals with the actors. We are charmed by the delightful intimacy with which he discusses incidents in the lives of such celebrities as Bernhardt, Irving, Gielgud, and others. We can appreciate Sarah's whispers, Sarah's gestures, in "Romeo Valencue"; we see her English public surrendering to her indefinable charm, her intriguing personality, her unfamiliar language. Young actors will be encouraged when they read of the nervous strain that even Bernhardt underwent before a first night.

We follow the Polish Modjeska in her favorite "Mary Stuart"; she lived the part and in reading some of the more vivid passages here, we feel we can understand her success. "The more I give, the more I have," was the motto which guided her throughout her career. She thrilled American audiences to the last, yet to her credit, when she first felt herself failing, she retired from the stage. Irving holds a very high place in the estimation of the author. "Take him for all in all," he says of him, "and one never saw his like in this London of ours." He is also an admirer of Madge Kendal's work: "Every chord of feminine feeling was touched with sureness, but with infinite delicacy"; and he further remarks: "No critic could deny that she was the most absolute mistress of her art who, during nearly three generations, has faced the footlights in England". He pays an equally high tribute to Ellen Terry, when he says of her: "One thing at least is true; no actress was ever so beloved by her public as Ellen Terry." And we feel that he, if anyone, is a competent judge of the merits of these persons, for he knew them well.

Besides the short sketches of the individual actors, the author also deals with subjects of a more general nature, including that of "Beautiful Women" on the stage, mentioning Gladys Cooper, among others, whom he considers an accomplished actress, although "only to the close observer". Again, he treats of "Burlesque and Musical Comedy", beginning with examples of the crude vaudeville of 1894, and its development into more refined musical comedies of war time, at which point the "revue" replaced it as the favorite after-dinner show.

A complete chapter of the book is devoted to "Playwrights of Today", in which Sir George Arthur traces the influences of the various playwrights of our time. He speaks of the Shaw and Galsworthy of 1925 as compared with the Barrie and Lonsdale of 1905. He feels that we now miss established professional playwrights, who give us a regular output of plays. It is rarely, nowadays, that the mere name of an author is sufficient to fill a house. More than ever does Sir George deplore the fact that some of our most promising playwrights go to Hollywood to write scenarios; and not only the playwrights... but the actors themselves leave the Old Country... but we will deal with that later. Arthur's final complaint is that "There is still to arise the novelist whose adaption will 'get across'; and there is still to arise the playwright whose play, whether in book form or not, will bear reading as well as playing."

We are amazed at the scope of this book. The author does not stop here; he discusses the importance of critics, diction, discipline; of war-plays and their influence, of the pros and cons of actor-managers... in fact everything that pertains to theatre life; he deals at great length with the idea of Realism on the stage, as opposed to theatrical acting. Under the category of realistic actors he places John Gielgud. "He alone among contemporary actors, inspires an enthusiasm and interest comparable to that of Irving; there is, in his performances, that 'je ne sais quel' which is acting; not ranting; not merely fireworks... that something which 'never oversteps the bounds of nature'."

The theme is concluded with an answer to the vital question: "Will the theatre give way to the Cinema? We must remember the very peculiar fortunes of the theatre. How are we to understand the rapidly alternating theatrical tastes of the public? The stage has a dangerous rival in the Cinema, with its press agents and fantastic salaries; moreover, it is cheap, convenient, and caters to all tastes. What weapon, then, does the theatre possess to offset these advantages? Sir George Arthur replies vehemently that the theatre will always hold its own because "it is real; the stage does really enact anew the drama every time. The Cinema is, and always will be, second-hand material."

Certainly there is no one more capable of handling the theme of Reminiscences of the Stage from Phelps to Gielgud than is Sir George Arthur. John Gielgud himself bears witness to this, when he says in his introduction to the book: "I wondered for a moment if your book would be so fascinating to others unconnected with the theatre as it is to me. Fortunately you are a member of the audience yourself, — and I can only conclude that there are many like you to whom the theatre is a continual pastime and enthusiasm,—and who bring to the theatre—a courteous interest in the changes and chances of our profession, allied to a real appreciation of the quality of plays and their performance. To these your book cannot fail to be of absorbing interest and a wonderful record of a great epoch in the theatre; and every actor will love to read it, for from the actor's point of view, you are the ideal play-goer."

And that is wherein lies the charm of this book; Sir George Arthur has seen these great actors, has witnessed their performances night after night; in short, he has an intimate knowledge and appreciation of their respective techniques. He makes the actors live for us, in giving us glimpses of a world that never ceases to fascinate us. In short, a most interesting theme, delightfully handled.

J. E. G.

The Road To Remembrance

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
List their weary footsteps,
As four abreast they pass
Bearing the cross of sacrifice.
They struggled on, until at last
Beneath a blanket of poppies red,
In Flanders fields, they sleep.
"Our glorious dead!"
Year by year their
Trampling feet grow louder,
In that hushed silence.
At this eleventh hour,
We hear their merry voices
In the Autumn winds, that blow
The crimson Emblem dear,
To the ground beneath the snow.
They fade and die,
But in the glory of the spring
A lark soars high,
Bearing their "Immortal souls"
Beyond the sky—
Where from each starlit crown shines forth
youths,
Idealistic, hopes, and dreams
Of god, Empire, and truth.
So, with flaming torch,
Held high above—
We kin, and comrades point
With dauntless pride, and love,
To every gallant name
Inscribed, upon the towering crypt
Inscribed, upon the towering crypt.
In honoured fame—
They keep a silent watch,
From "Vimy's Ridge".
In that strange far off land
Where peaceful shepherds
Tend, roaming herds of sheep,
The hallowed soul
Whence our "Valiant Hero's" sleep,
Thro' the long, long years,
And wearily, pilgrims, quietly
On this day of days
Pause, in loyal and solemn piety—
Along, "The Road to Remembrance."
Joy Milane.

Dedicated To Sir Arthur Currie

Beneath the cross of sacrifice,
In Honour's field,
Canada's great Commander Chief,
Lay down his shield,
Far from the blood, red petals
Bowed, as the poppies sway
O'er the hallowed graves,
Where sleeps, his Valiant clay,
But here in the proud land—
That gave him birth,
"Sir Arthur Currie lay
Neath reefs and earth
From the fields of Victory,
Where crimson maple leaves
And golden threads of Destiny
A priceless coverlet, weaves
"Memories,
So dear to the heart
Of a soldier who sought
To play his part
In action, or in words
Of magic, sympathy,
Love of truth and change,
He served faithfully
A motherland; in need
And tho, across the sea
Neath mountain skies,
A "Knight of Honour, He
Joins them in a silent watch
Beyond the gates of Eternity."
Joy Milane.

Moments Of Bliss

A new moon arched a bow
In heaven—
It was a summer night
We lingered in a garden terrace,
In its magic silvery light,
Roses climbed upon the lattice
Ate the cabbage, then to fight
Began, and threw their petals at us,
I held her hand in mine,
Star dust fell in golden tresses,
It was a night divine,
How I longed for her caresses
In the shadow of the Pines
I felt love's arrow pierce my heart
When her lovely face touched mine
Her eyes like the skies so blue
Told me a story true,
My eyes betrayed me too
In those moments of bliss
I stole my first kiss
As she whispered "Yes" to me,
Joy Milane.

Silently

Silently they sit together,
While the sunset colours fade,
Silently, the shadows creeping,
Round the window, good-night bade.
Silently the stars come peeping
From the heavens there on high,
Silently the moon is beaming
On the river flowing nigh,
Silently they sit adreaming,
Dreams of days gone by,
Silently a log is burning,
Shining in their silvery hair,
Silently two shadows dancing,
In the fire's afterglow,
Silently young lives romancing,
In the long, long ago,
Silently in carpet slippers,
Arm in arm they climb the stairs,
Silently they kneel together,
Praying that you'll join them there,
Joy Milane.

Ode To Christmas

BY MARY LIVINGSTON.

Christmas comes but once a year,
With its holly and its cheer,
Holly, holly hollyday,
We get vacations, hurray, hurray.

Say Merry Christmas
with Sweet Caps!



50's, 100's and 200's
in GAY CHRISTMAS
WRAPPERS.....



"The purest form in which
tobacco can be smoked"
Lancel

**SWEET
CAPORAL**
CIGARETTES

S. P. M. Series Ends With Group Today

The Study Group Series of the S.P.M. will come to a close today with a meeting at Strathcona Hall under Prof. Southam. The meeting will be from 5-6. The topic under discussion will be the "Causes of War with special reference to the present international situation." The meeting will be open to all the members of the other groups and others who are interested.

Since the groups were launched several weeks ago more than ten groups have met and have considered the following subjects: "Canada and the League", "Causes of War", "Education and Peace". One of the innovations this year in the study Programme has been the formation of the "Peace Shelf". In the second part of the year, it is announced by the Study Group Executive that Research material will be available. This will be possible because of the formation of a special Research Committee consisting of Graduates and Honour Students.

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CONTINGENT ORDERS, PART I, Nos. 32-34:
by Lt.-Col. T. S. Morrissey, D.S.O., Officer Commanding

MONTREAL, TUESDAY, 13TH DECEMBER, 1936

PARADES & LECTURES:

During the Christmas Season there will be no parades or lectures. Parades will be resumed on Tuesday 5th January 1937 at the Canadian Grenadier Guards' Armoury.

ORDERLY ROOM AND QM. STORES:

Orderly Room and Quartermasters' Stores will be closed from Wednesday 23rd December 1936 to Monday 4th January 1937 inclusive.

SEASON'S GREETINGS:

The Commanding Officer extends to all ranks the best of Season's Greetings.

G. A. GRIMSON,
Major & Adjutant.

NOTICE: The Contingent will be "At Home" to visitors at the Mess from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on New Year's Day. DRESS—Blues or Mufti.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OLD MCGILL?

By F. W. P.

New College Hockey Venture Opens Here Tonight

The International Intercollegiate Hockey League, an organization unique in college sports history, made its debut in Toronto last night with appropriate ceremony, and the local opening is set for tonight when McGill's Redmen meet the fast-skating University of Montreal sextette at the Forum. The significance of this game as a means of rapprochement between the two universities has been duly emphasized, and The Daily marks the occasion with an exchange of sports editorials on the event, following very satisfactory conversations between our correspondent and Robert Beaudoin, of "Le Quartier Latin". The manner in which a league of this sort promotes inter-university contact is evidenced by the new relationships gained by The Daily sports department with the college papers of Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth, and Harvard, as well with "Le Quartier Latin". As Doug Amaron remarked in his Page Three column yesterday, it is too bad that Dr. "Le" Hyams, who has been reviewing the Doings South of the Line for us these past two months, and who did much of the snide-work for the new organization through these pages a couple of years back, will not be on hand for the inaugural. It will be coming up home for the holidays next week, and on his return will continue to keep this campus posted on the doings in the I.I.H.L. as seen from his New York post.

The manner in which college hockey activities have been stimulated by the formation of this new league is little short of miraculous. To the Quadrangular League, which is being continued as the American section of the I.I.H.L., has been added another New England circuit embracing eight of the smaller colleges, ("Smaller", that is, compared with the Big Four—McGill and Queen's are, numerically, the smallest institutions in the new league). In addition, Michigan and Indiana are playing in a league with McMaster, Western, Varsity Seconds and O.A.C., while prospects of another international college loop out on the Prairies are nearing realization. Eligibility differences and financial difficulties can easily be straightened out, once the values of such organizations in university life are seen by those in charge, and we see no deterrent to the possibility of this Inter- (Continued on Page Four)

Red Team And U.O.M. Play Tonight

AS far as Montreal is concerned the International Intercollegiate Hockey League makes its debut tonight with the U. of M. playing against our own Redmen. The game will be a classic with most of the Campus personalities of both Universities present. As it is a U. of M. home game student coupons will not be honoured but tickets may be obtained for 25 cents at the Athletic Office.

The U. of M. Band will be present accompanied by several cheerleaders and a large band of supporters. It is not yet certain whether the McGill band will be on hand, but Joe Peck, Red cheerleader, who is in the pink of condition, will be on hand ready to lead the McGill rosters. The Rev. Oliver Maura will face the puck off before the game.

Ash Emerson will be in the nets for the McGill team replacing Dave Tennant, who will get a well-deserved rest. Ash played senior hockey for Harvard for three years. The McGill students will remember him for the sterling performance he turned in last year when the Harvard team took the McGill squad into camp at the Forum. Ash is very impressed with the fine team spirit and the informality of the practice sessions compared with the long training grind held by the American colleges.

As only eleven men can be used, including a spare goalie it is hard to say who will be the six forwards on the ice for the Redmen. The defence will be Gordie Melkjohn, Jean Paul Elie, a former U. of M. player and Cliff Mackay.

On Saturday night the McGill team journey down to Quebec where they play a very important Senior Group League game. The Red team will make its usual trip to the States playing St. Nicks on the fourth of Jan. and the U. of M. on the fifth. Both these games will be played at Iye, New York. On Jan. 7, the Red team play Yale in a league game and against Princeton two days later.

HOCKEY SECONDS MEET CONCORDIA SQUAD TOMORROW

OUT to gain their third straight victory, the McGill Intermediates Hockey Team meet Concordia tomorrow afternoon at the Forum. After losing their first two games, both by one goal margins, the Nelson Crutchfield squad started to click, taking St. Lambert 3-0 and the U. of M. 3-1. The City Hall outfit, possibly disorganized as the result of elections, have a very strong team and at the present time are one point ahead of the Red Team for fourth place in the league.

The success of the Red Team in its last two starts is not due to any individual player; but rather to real teamwork which Coach Nels has hammered into the squad. Despite the two reverses they have showed real spirit in a stirring comeback, which won't end until the end of the schedule at the present rate.

The lineups for tomorrow's game are as follows:
McGill: Goal: Newman; Defense: Anton, Loftus, Braden; Forwards: Hall, Doherty, O'Brien, Kerrigan, Cox, Hushion, Calder and Emery.
Concordia: Goal: Coutin; Defense: Armand, Pillington; Forwards: Senecal, Bernard, Lachapelle, Lawton, Francoeur, McQuaig, Bowles, Brian, Desautels.

Following the game, tomorrow the Redmen will be given a well-earned two weeks' rest, returning to action on Jan. 9th, playing the lowly L.C.C. Grads. The following Saturday their opponents will be Villersay.

SPORTS NOTICES

TRACK LOCKER REFUNDS

All those desiring their money back on the padlocks or keys rented to Trackmen, must return both padlock and key to the Athletic Office in the Union, before Jan. 1st, or they will forfeit their deposit. Padlocks are still on your lockers, so get them at the Field House immediately.

INTER-CLASS HOCKEY

Will the managers of those classes wishing to play Inter-class hockey get in touch with Sam Stovil or Bill Boggs immediately. Phone MA. 3842.

FENCIBLES

There will be no practice on Friday, Dec. 18th. Practices will be resumed again Wed. Jan. 6th, 1937.

Will the following please call at the Athletics Office in the Union:
McNamara, M. F., Dean, B. W. Long, E. C. Grad. Sch. Book, M. J. Hackett, J. Sullivan, E. Rice, D. Parfitt, Fettes, J. Grad. Coghill, F. Ritchie, D. Ritchie, H. Parfitt, Horton, K. O. Parfitt.

BLEU ET OR

Presenting the U. of M. "Carabins"
By ROBERT BEAUDOIN
Sports Editor, "Le Quartier Latin"

By Robert Beaudoin, Sports Editor, "Le Quartier Latin".

Your Sports Editor's invitation to exchange editorials this week caught me rather unawares, as it is a very busy moment now at the U. of M. where everyone has been talking "exams" for the past two weeks. As it is always interesting to know the other's opinion on an important event, I could not deprive the readers of both The McGill Daily and the Quartier Latin of reading what the other party thinks of the new league.

There seems to be many discrepancies that keep us far apart although in the same city, but after talking to Mr. Price, your sports editor, I found out that when it came to talking sports we agreed heartily on everything, except maybe the courses of our respective teams. That however is another story and I'll come to that later. As I have before mentioned in the Quartier Latin, quoting Dr. Lanthier, the director of sports at the U. of M., the idea of the I.I.H.L. is to encourage the practice of hockey in the different universities and at the same time to favour meetings between students of both countries and promote good understanding between different centers of instruction which spread their opinions in the surrounding public. It appears that here in Montreal, in certain circumstances we both hold a different purpose in a discussion but if we knew each other better there would be no need to exchange blither words, which conduct proves unnecessary as it does not solve the question.

Sports then remain to get us together every once in a while in a friendly way and this winter's games will prove it.

Sports take a great place in the activities of McGill students and we can hardly open a newspaper without seeing the McGill boys have been here and there playing hockey, rugby, tennis and all other sports. Unfortunately such is not our case and people or even students do not answer as they should our call for support. However there has been since last year an increase of interest on the part of the students, after our colour-bearers won two championships (Montreal and Intercollegiate Intermediate) closing a hard fighting season.

To-night's game at the Forum should attract a good number of "Carabins" and their friends in spite of the fact that many (too many) have examinations on Saturday morning. We expect many McGill students to show up and echo our "Bonne la la la la la" with their snappy cheers. The Doctor of the U. of M., Dr. Oliver Maura, will be the President of honour accompanied by Mr. E. Montpetit, secretary and Dr. L. Dubouché, ex-director of sports at the U. of M. Mr. Philippe Desautels, one of the donors of the famous "Desautels Cup" which is again at stake between the two local universities will be present. The Cup has changed hands four times in the past, so the records state, and McGill has it now. You may be interested in learning that the team who earns it three consecutive times keeps it; therefore we are very anxious to bring it back here to enlighten your chances of keeping it forever.

What are our chances? Where do we come in?

The fact that the McGill team is the leader in the Senior group is a strong argument and many, basing their bets only on that are ready to put down to one that we will lose to-night. We admit with everyone that McGill is a favorite of the "fans" and there are reasons for that, mainly the strength of its team for the past three or four years and the fact that the U. of M. has been out of the senior race for a few years.

These interests in our team and who have seen it at work in the Montreal Intermediate where it is now in the lead, have assured that to-night's game will be a hard fought battle. Such players as Larsson in the goal, Gagne, Armand, Gagne and Grignon on the forward line or Mignault and Rivet at the blue line are not to be mistaken for youngsters and your intermediates who beat them last Saturday will tell you that they fought to the end to even things up. It took a very strong defense to hinder them from scoring. It was a tough game and the fact that Graham a very snappy and bright forward suffered a serious injury in the early part of the second period, penalties to Grignon in the first enabled your men to score twice. These tell enough of how the game looked from our side. (I wonder why your sports writer did not mention this accident in the Daily. Accidents meant something in a game and your player did not even get a minor penalty, we understand that it was accidental). Such accidents happen in sports and before the game we were the favorites, perhaps too self-confident of the victory, we were bound to a defeat. To-night's game promises to be a fight to the end and whatever the results are our supporters will be satisfied with our showing.

You will allow me a word about our players.

Barsdot in the goals is well known to the hockey fans for his wonderful goal-tending in the past either at Loyola College or at the U. of M. Should he live up to his past showing as is expected, the fans will be treated with some of those spectacular stops that are somewhat a miracle. Mignault plays at the blue line with Rivet or Boucher. Mignault played for different college teams and for St. Jerome of the Provincial League; last year he was in Paris on the "Stade Francais". Even as defense he is also a sharp leader for the forwards. Rivet played for the Joliette team of the Provincial League last year, he was amidst the first scorers. Boucher, a young but solid defense, played on the Varsity team last year.

On the forward line we have Armand a great stick-handler and a fast skater who is now one of the leading scorers of the Intermediate League. Gagne plays right wing but yet at times he seems to be everywhere on the ice and forges a very good combination with Armand at the center. The boys call him "Baptiste" although his name is Roger; he played on the college team of Loyola last year. Lecavalier holds the left wing; he is a good puck chaser and will play in our uniform for the first time in a regular game. On the second line we have Oumet at the center, and the two Grignon brothers, Rene and Jean. Rene played on the Varsity team last year and is a solid player. He fancies as well on the defense as on the forward. His record for penalties in the Intermediate this year still holds out; he promised to stay on the ice to-night for it proves too costly otherwise. (Last Saturday's game).

All is about said concerning to-night's game, you can see that we are confident and expect to make good this year in the I.I.H.L.

Commerce Students Meet Santa Claus

(Continued from Page One)

twinkle in his eye said: "I wish the boys a very Merry Christmas and I hope they find something in the bottle of their stockings when they wake up. I mean a bottle of Christmas Spirit."

Professor Culliton, who was the guest speaker, confided in his short address that he had been approached and asked to play the role of Santa. He however declined gracefully feeling that there was one and only true Santa. Incidentally, Santa was compelled to remove his beard in order to sip the tomato soup. This act was regarded with suspicion but even the Commerce students were forced to admit that a famous magician like Santa could easily remove his snow white beard as an aid in imbibing his liquids.

The banquet came to a close to the mournful tune of Sweet Adeline.

Commerce: Allison, W. J. Findlay, D. Parfitt; Lumsden, S. Grad. Sch. McQuibrey, J. A., Rudston, D. L., Parfitt; Shirley, J. H. Grad. Sch. Townsend, T. R. Parfitt, L. Parfitt.

SOCCER PICTURES

Soccer pictures have finally been printed and can be called for at Mr. Hay Findlay's office in the Physical Education Building. Will the following men call for their pictures at the earliest opportunity: Nolan, Lowe, Simpson, Minnion, Bernier, and Granda. Any others desiring pictures may obtain them from Notman's Studio.

R.V.C. ARCHERY CLUB

There will be a meeting of the Archery Club on Friday afternoon at 3 p.m. in the Gym.

INTERFACULTY HOCKEY

Faculty athletic managers are advised of the following games which take place before the Daily resumes publication on Jan. 18th:

Jan. 4—Comm. vs. Arts
5—Med. vs. Eng.
6—Arch vs. Law
7—Theol. vs. Dent.
8—Arts vs. Med.
11—Eng. vs. Comm.
12—Theol. vs. Arch.
13—Law vs. Dent.
14—Eng. vs. Arts
15—Comm. vs. Med.

MCGILL SKI CLUB
Those skiers mentioned in the Ski column, page one, are urged to avail themselves of the privileges offered by the Club Cabin in the Laurentians.

SPORTS REPORTERS
Advance notice: Get-together of the Daily sports staff on Tues. Jan. 19th.

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175 ST. JAMES ST. for Lechasseur

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Christmas Dinner

Members of the Teaching Staff have kindly extended an invitation to students for dinner on Christmas Day. Will all those interested please leave their name, faculty and telephone number with Miss Haseley at the Union, LA. 2244, without delay.

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Erection Of Douglas Hall Rapid

(Continued from Page One)
directly by a committee of students to whom authority will be delegated to the fullest possible extent. It is hoped that in this way the Hall will be effectively self-governing.

Fees
For all except students in Medicine and Dentistry:
From 28th September to the end of the session \$380
For First and Second Year Students in Medicine and Dentistry:
From 30th August to the end of the session \$420
For Third, Fourth and Fifth Year students in Medicine and Dentistry:
From 13th September to the end of the session \$380
The fees are inclusive of board, lodging and household laundry. Students will pay for personal laundry.

I. V. C. F. Concludes Bi-Weekly Meetings

"Christ's Offer to McGill Students" will be the subject of S. Robert Weaver at the open meeting of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship on Saturday at 8:00 p.m. in the Franklin Memorial Hall of Stanley Presbyterian Church (Westmount and Victoria Aves.).

Robert Weaver is the McGill representative to the Dominion Council of the Canadian Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. He is an honor student of History and Economics, Arts '37.

Students can be admitted only for a complete session.

One half the fee is payable at the beginning of the session, one quarter on 10th January, and the balance on 1st April.

As space is limited and it is expected that there will be a large number of applications, any student wishing to reserve rooms for next year or desiring further information should apply to the Registrar of the University immediately after the vacation.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OLD MCGILL?

(Continued from Page Three)
national intercollegiate movement being extended to other realms of sport. That this league will offer several surprises is evident by the advances which have been made in these pages on the other teams in the loop during the past two weeks. We hasten to remind any who think that tonight's game will be a set-up, following the Red Intermediates' defeat of Tony Baril's Blue and Gold outfit, that the latter are still leading the Saturday afternoon league standing and hold victories over such teams as Concordia, their helmeted captain, Jean Mignault, played for the smart Stade Francais team in Paris last year while studying dentistry at the Sorbonne, while Jean Armand, high-scoring centre, was with the Canadian club. Pairing with Mignault on the defence is the veteran Rene Grignon, known as "The Bull". Another who will bear watching is goalie Ashton Emerson is Roger "Baptiste" Gagne, former Loyola star. It is highly appropriate, by the way, that the ex-Harvard captain should be in the nets for the opening college game. He has been practising regularly with the Redmen, and now that their heavy schedule has started in earnest will undoubtedly see more action. Another by the way: Emerson's young brother, Eugene, is on the Elks' defence bulwarks this year. Feb. 22 may see them facing each other.

Till We Meet Again
We take this opportunity of acknowledging the many words of appreciation which have reached us this term concerning the appearance of Page Three, and express, on behalf of the whole sports department, our determination to maintain and even extend our present coverage of college sporting events. In connection with our comments re the Gymnasium Campaign, we reiterate that we regard the Armoury as a useless and entirely unneeded appendage to the project; nevertheless, we are behind it as a whole, especially in light of the growing dissatisfaction with the Montreal High facilities and the R.W. and P. training and competition restrictions outlined by T.H.M. yesterday. We hasten, however, to correct the latter's reference to Wilf Van Riet as captain of the fencing team. Wilf has, unfortunately, graduated, but the gap may be filled by the appearance of Alf McKergow, captain of the winning 1930 squad, who is back in the Graduate School. As announced exclusively in Monday's Daily, Bob Bowman, our predecessor of a few years back, is back on these shores to handle Canadian Broadcasting Corporation sports assignments. Bob is no stranger to the winter sports shows which he will cover via the mike in the Laurentians in February, since he covered McGill participation in the 1932 Olympics at Lake Placid for The Daily. When we resume publication on Monday, January 18, we hope to have happy news on the results of the American puck invasion, with scheduled contests against Yale and Princeton, and exhibitions with St. Nick's of New York and our own U. of M. "Crambans" at the Tigers' rink at Rye, N.Y. Also under way by then will be the intermediate college loop, as well as intercollegiate hockey — and the Dartmouth skiers will have come and gone on their surprise Laurentian excursion. So, until then, we bid you au revoir, best wishes for successful mid-terms and for A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



Bob Bowman

York City for part or all of the Xmas holidays leaving any time between this afternoon and the 24th. Will travel singly or together for one way or round trip. Telephone Douglas McDonald, MARquette 9181 (McGill Univ.) Local 56, between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., week days or until 12:30 p.m. Saturday.

NOTICES

Notices to be included in this column must be typewritten and left in the Daily office by seven o'clock on the night before they are to appear. The Daily cannot be responsible for Notices taken over the telephone. No classified advertising will be accepted — this may be included by calling the Advertising Manager at LA. 2244 who will be pleased to quote rates.

CONSERVATORIUM CLUB CHRISTMAS DANCE

The Executive of the Conservatorium Club has issued invitations to all members for an informal Christmas dance, preceded by a short musical program, to be held in the I.V.C.F. Common Room on Friday evening, December 18 at 8:15. H. Herschorn's orchestra will play for dancing. Members may purchase tickets for extra guests at 25 cents each, from Mr. Jessop at the Conservatorium.

TRANSPORTATION FOR NEW YORK

Three students wish to share expenses with someone driving to New

I.C.V.F. TO HEAR S. ROBERT WEAVER

"Christ's Offer to McGill Students" will be the subject of S. Robert Weaver at the open meeting of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship tomorrow evening at 8:00 p.m. The meeting will be held in Franklin Memorial Hall of Stanley Presbyterian Church (cor. Victoria and Westmount Aves.).

Robert Weaver is an Honour student in History and Economics. He is the McGill representative to the Dominion Council of the Canadian Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

S.P.M. STUDY GROUP TODAY

A Study Group of the S.P.M. will meet today under the leadership of Prof. Southam to discuss "Causes of War". Time five o'clock, Place Strathcona Hall.

LOST

Eversharp pencil in the "Daily" office on Wednesday night. Will finder please leave it in the "Daily" office.

"PAN"

A MODERN CHRISTMAS LEGEND

(Continued from Page One)
been so. A hundred years hence and Pan would be still running through the streets, hands in his pockets, hungry, freezing but ever hungry.

A noise behind him roused him out of his reverie. It was a little boy cowering in a dark corner, stretching out his hands vainly to the passerby. He was crying. A sad little pale face looked up at Pan whose haggard, weary features and piercing stare seemed to frighten the boy. Pan uttered a harsh, hysterical laugh. The boy fell back terrified as at a madman. Pan was going to frown with a cruel sneer on his lips when suddenly he searched his pockets, at length producing a coin which he had carefully saved to sleep somewhere that night. He hastily pressed it into the little cold hands below him and hurried away—had he gone mad? He wondered—Strange—he had never been such a sentimental fool before. He almost ran as if trying to get away from his thoughts—thoughts that turned in mad circles. But the little grey eyes seemed still looking at him—so much fear but then happy in this cold, dark world. He turned the incident over and over again in his mind. It was such a negligible affair, he thought; and yet somehow unusual. He wondered if the child had a home. After all there may have been something to it. . . .

But at this moment he found himself running through a dirty little alley. An unidentifiable concoction of odours met him. He stumbled over something in the dark and swore quietly to himself. A door was flung open and a tall man stumbled into the street. For a moment Pan could see a room lit by a few candles burning on a Christmas tree. An old woman was sitting at a table, her head resting in her hands. Two children were playing on the floor. The door slammed and Pan stood in darkness again. It was to him as if one of the children had been the little boy he had met; he was laughing at his playmate and seemed very happy. . . .

A white country road sparkling a thousandfold in the magic rays of the moon. Trees right and left, bending under a load of snow. Over the motionless fir-tops towering in dark masses the gigantic icy mountain peaks and the vast dome of stars above. The deep silence of Christmas eve was brooding over the land. Pan did not notice the bitter cold nor the icy ruts over which he stumbled. For once in his life he was very happy. Something had passed into his heart this night. He did not exactly understand how it had come about; the fair, the carols rising from a thousand voices, the coin that had slipped unconsciously out of his hand, the little boy smiling at him through his tears—few impressions working a symphony of hope and joy. It moved in him to a crescendo, breaking through all the darkness of the passing year. One should plant a flower, write a poem or kiss a girl, he thought—once before the dream should break and the great white sheet should pass again over his life tomorrow. It was all very strange and beautiful. . . .

When the next day had risen cold and grey through the winter twilight; news was brought to the town that an unknown man had been found frozen in a snowdrift. A brief notice recorded the incident in the local press and a few old women mumbled something about God's punishment to a tramp. Soon in the rush of events it was forgotten.

But the peasants in the neighborhood forgot it not so quickly. They had seen the cold white face of the strange figure lying in the snow, its peaceful, happy smile, so far beyond the sufferings of the mind it had portrayed; as restful as that almost divine expression of the "Inconnue de la Seine." For many a long winter night it was talked about at the fireplaces, that a Christmas-rose had pushed its delicate white petals through the snow where he had lain.

But he who could have looked into Pan's dark and restless soul would have seen the spirit of Christmas again working a miracle in that most sacred night of the nativity.

By Clive H. von Cardinal.

Annual Write-Ups

Managers of all sport teams whose group pictures have been taken MUST have their write-ups for the sports-editor before Sat. Dec. 19. This is the last chance before the holidays. Please cooperate as much work has to be done during the holidays. If the annual office is closed hand them in at the lark-shop.

McParlfootin On Broadway

(Continued from Page One)

feels about it, now that the biggest story since Eve palmed off the forbidden gefilte fish on poor unsuspecting Adam has blown over. And back we go to torch murders and wars, in the public prints.

This Business of Dying.

HOWEVER, there still are things of human interest going on. The New York Times is a very staid journal and you normally wouldn't expect to find anything in it that was amusing. The Times usually manages to keep a very straight face. Yesterday I came across an ad for a very reputable undertaking establishment, which apparently offered unsurpassed facilities. "A beautiful Chapel. Aeolian pipe organ, flower shop, private rest and repose rooms, large casket-display room—all conveniently located under one roof."

If you think that's all they have to offer, you're mistaken. They have inducements which make the awkward business of shuffling off this mortal coil, a genuine, unalloyed pleasure. Just look at them, as enumerated in clear black type—

"Attending to grave-opening details, engaging minister, providing funeral carriages, ordering flowers."

"Funerals also conducted from patron's own church, home or lodge, or from distant points."

"Written estimates beforehand, of all items and costs."

"Women embalmers for women and children."

"Caskets at prices to suit every purse . . . as low as seventy-five dollars."

It becomes fairly evident that all remains for us poor mortals to do, is to draw the last gasp. The rest is done for us, and done well. And mark the final admonition of the ad — "Do not let the emergency of death in your family hasten you in the selection of an undertaker." Yours not to reason why, yours but to do and die. Pardon the travesty on some great lines from a great poem. This utter commercialization of death evoked it. Apparently the high-pressure salesmanship that is New York has huge tentacles, that reach unto the grave, and even beyond.

Needy—We're On Hand.
MAYBE it's unfair to blame an august institution for an ad that dangles family skeleton under your very nose. But to find a howler in the news columns is a much rarer thing. But

that's just what happened, on an inside page, today. Here's how the head looked— "Report 4,000 Women in Virgin Islands Needy." Quite a startling state of affairs. They may have to call out the marines.

Matters Financial.

I RECEIVED a personal letter from the vice-president of the "Chemical Bank & Trust Company" the other day. It was the kind of missive that made me feel quite important, like the St. James St. magnate who reads the Financial Post and adds up dividend returns on clean table-cloths. To be sure I have never had financial problems, unless of course you place the problem of where to get it, under that category.

Certainly this letter didn't imply anything of the kind. Judge for yourself— "Dear Mr. McP,

These days everyone is giving special thoughts to personal finances. This leads us to believe the Chemical Bank with its many facilities, backed by 112 years of experience, can be of assistance to you.

We shall be glad to have you avail yourself of our services, which are offered in a spirit of cordial friendliness.

Very truly yours,

John A. H., Vice-President.

Do you think, maybe, that they were giving away something. It was really mighty white of the bank to be of assistance. But from what I know of the banks here, they're mighty well guarded. No, Mr. Vice-President, I am not a bond clipper, if that's what you think. I've still got a Canadian dime, that nobody will take around here, not even as a tip.

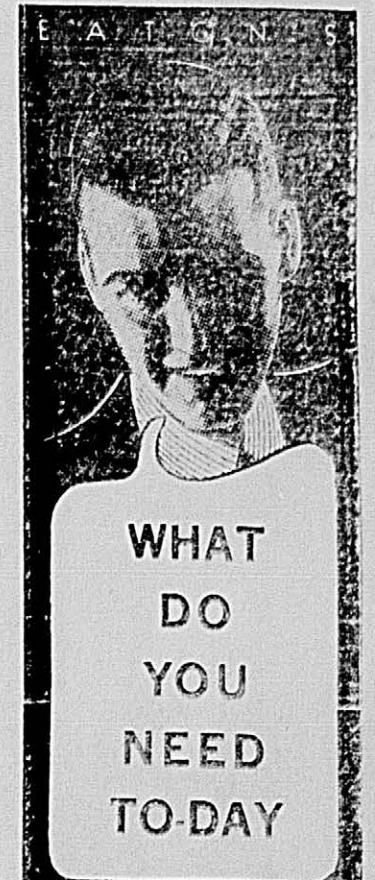
Smart Work.

DAILY editors are evidently not quite as dumb as they've always been reputed to be. That transatlantic telephone stunt is one of the best I've heard of in a long time. It took good newspaper sense to make a story out of an unanswered phone call. And it leads to amazing journalistic possibilities. A reporter sent out on an interview can write a column story on how his quarry evaded him. An unanswered telegram ought to get at least a column and a half.

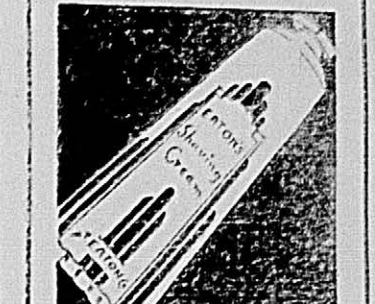
Maybe somebody ought to write a feature series on "People I Couldn't Reach by Phone." And if that sort of thing passes for results, then maybe you can be sure of a first in English. Two either by not writing the exam at all, or handing in a well-written essay. "I Didn't Read any Books in this Course, but I can Knit. Besides, the Line was Busy."

McParlfootin.

FOUND
After the bridge game on Tuesday a pair of rubbers was inadvertently removed by me. They may be obtained by applying to Bert Yates in the Union.



Did you miss something when you shaved this morning . . . shaving cream, blades, lotion? Glance down this list—check what you need—come in or telephone Plateau 9211.



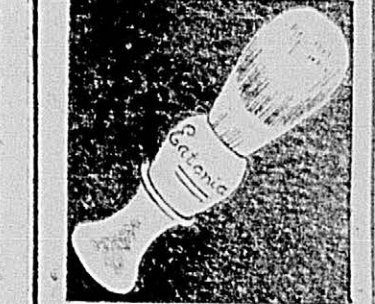
EATON'S SHAVING CREAM—big jumbo tube of fast-lathering shaving cream. 19c



EATON'S BRUSHLESS SHAVE—extra large size tube. No brush—no lather—no rubbing. Tube - 29c



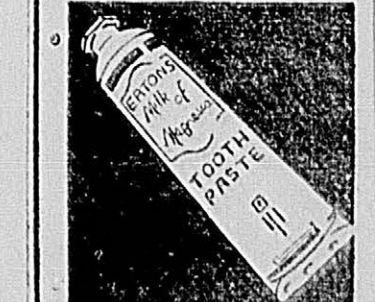
EATONIA RAZOR BLADES—will fit old or new style Gillette razors. 10 blades - 25c



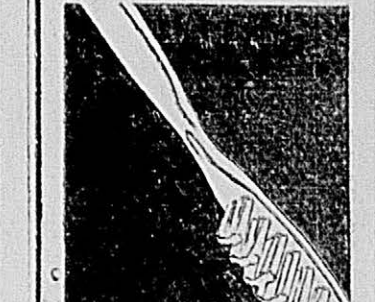
EATONIA SHAVING BRUSHES—a brush that will last—good quality bristles. Each - 1.00



EATON'S LILAC AFTER SHAVING LOTION—A cooling after-shave lotion. 39c 6-oz. bottle



EATON'S MAGNESIA TOOTH PASTE—large tube - 19c



EATON'S TOOTH BRUSHES—stiff bristles, tufted or curved ends. Colored celluloid handles. Each - 25c

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